McKean County Miner.

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NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Times.

H. ROGERS & SON, Proprietors.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via R., N. Y. & P. (Clermont Branch) arrives at 12:30 p. m. and 8:30 p. m., and leaves at 9:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

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Secret Societies.

F. & A. M.

McKEAN Lodge, No. 393, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.

G. M. SMITH, Secy. W. S. SPENCER, W. M.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.

Will confer Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.

C. W. FOREMAN, N. G.

W. H. WARNERHALL, Secy.

Smethport Encampment, No. 273, I. O. O. F

Meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. S. THOMAS, Chief Patriarch.

H. M. CHAMBERLIN, Scribe.

G. A. R.

Post 97, G. A. R. meets every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Buchia Block.

T. A. MORRISON, Com.

H. M. CHAMBERLIN, Adjutant.

W. R. C.

Meets every Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Buchia Block.

MRS. BRIANT S. MORRISON, Pres't.

——Secy.

Knights of St. John and Malta.

Keystone Encampment, No. 77, meets every Thursday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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W. H. WARNERHALL, Recorder.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 161, meets every second, fourth and last Tuesday evening of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Buchia Block.

CHAS. SASSE, M. W.

SHERIDAN CORYELL, Recorder.

K. of L.

Meets on Second and Fourth Wednesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.

C. A. THOMAS, President.

E. M. AUGE, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.

Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in Buchia Block.

ROSS CORYELL, Com.

CLARENCE MASON, R. K.

C. M. B. A.

Smethport Branch, 37, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at P. A. U. hall, at 7:30 p. m.

JOHN SQUIRE, Pres't.

C. W. OSBORNE, Rec. Sec'y. Fin'l Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.

Meets every afternoon in Methodist Church, at 3 p. m., in their hall, Buchia Block.

Miss H. L. FORSYTHE, Pres't.

Mrs. M. R. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

Knights of St. Martin and the Iron Cross.

Meetings in Bacon Hall on first and third Wednesdays in the month at 7 p. m.

DWIGHT WALKER, S. K. C.

FRED. GAGER, Scribe.

Rev. J. H. MCCANDLESS, Warden.

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Methodist—Rev. T. J. HANDLEY, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath-school immediately after morning service. Class Meeting at 9 a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. A Conference meeting the last Sabbath in each month at 3 o'clock. Class Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist.—Rev. W. B. LYMAN, pastor. Preaching on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning sermon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Brotherhood meetings Saturday before the first Sunday, in each month at 2 o'clock p. m. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—Rev. HENRY MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. on 4th Sunday of each month. Sunday-school at 2:30 p. m.

Presbyterian.—Rev. W. H. FORSMAN, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible School at 12 m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 3 p. m.

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Congregational.—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting, 10 a. m. and after every 7 o'clock preaching. Conference Meeting, Saturday, 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

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Smethport, Pa., Aug. 22, 1890.

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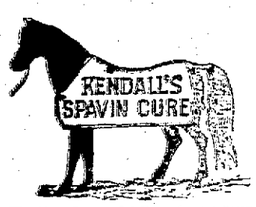
So endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the two most valued agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is wonderful. Please Swallow. It is the Best Remedy for* CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Wasting Diseases, Weak Children, and Emaciation. Put up in 50c. and $1 sizes. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.



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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success. Have used it for Ringbone and Curb and never before. One man said to me, it was the best Founder I ever had on a horse. I recommend it to everybody.

Yours respectfully, GEO. L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

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Yours truly, F. M. HOWLAND.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

HOPKINS, La., May 8, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents—What is my duty as regards you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a fine mare that was getting very lame very badly. She had a very severe swelling on. I tried almost every different kind of medicine which I could get hold of, but finally purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

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Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by express to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

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The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreager, on Mechanic street, near Gleason's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

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Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.

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A LITTENHOUSE CLOCK.

By JNO. GILMER SPEED.

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CHAPTER I.

The colonel, pale as the money given and giving a receipt, said John Carlisle.

In a very quiet village in the hills of New Jersey Dr. William Curtis, of New York, has made a summer home for himself and his family, which is increasing in a way unhappily out of fashion now, when a man with two or three children thinks he has a quiver full and is content with that number instead of the baker's dozen of youngsters which as a rule in the olden time came to make the houses glad and left no room at the fireside for pampered poodles and snarling pugs. I found the doctor sitting on his lawn the other day, and as his children played about him in the grass he smoked contentedly upon an old German pipe and looked very little like the precise Dr. Curtis whose brougham is to be seen all winter long hurrying through Fifth and Madison avenues in the neighborhood known as Murray Hill.

When I have met Dr. Curtis in New York, on the streets or at the club his manner has always seemed to me very formal and cold, and I was most agreeably surprised at his genial cordiality when I found him in the country. He was lord in the country, and I am satisfied now that his formality in town and evening's dinners are but the manner of a very busy man who is more or less preoccupied with the affairs which crowd his time. All this is thrown off in the country, and in manner he is as different as in appearance. The countryman, supposed to own seventeen hundred acres, asserts himself with country surroundings, and there is not a simpler hospitality to be found at any farmhouse in the neighborhood than is dispensed by the busy and prosperous city physician in his village cottage.

"I am glad to hear that you have come to Nearbye to live, Come in," was the doctor's greeting, as he rose from his easy chair and took off his broad brimmed straw hat. Shortly after I had taken my seat I heard the very musical bell of a clock strike five times, and the exceptional clearness and mellowness of the tone moved me to remark it.

"Ah, you must see that clock," said the doctor with evident pride, "it has just been set up here. It is a Rittenhouse, and there is a most interesting story connected with it."

The old clock was in one corner of the dining room, the low ceiling of which barely gave room for the handsome mahogany case in which was housed the skillfully constructed handiwork of the great clockmaker of Philadelphia. The date on the dial was 1751, and this clock must therefore have been one of the earliest made by that master of the craft. This was certainly a splendid specimen of cabinet work, too, and the rich colors glistened with mellow luster, and the brass trimmings and eagle clawfeet shone in brilliant harmony. The full, round face at the top indicated the harvest moon, which was then making the summer evenings glorious with a flood of silver light.

That clock was made for my great-grandfather—said Dr. Curtis—and for one hundred and thirty-nine years it has been in the family doing continuous service. It was first set up in my great-grandfather's house in Germantown near Philadelphia, and there it stood till his death, when his eldest son, my grandfather, took it to his place in northern New York. There it stood till I brought it here a few weeks ago.

The two most interesting events of its history happened—he continued—about sixty years ago, and then again while my wife and myself were spending our honeymoon at my grandfather's place about ten years since. My grandfather had a large estate, and besides being engaged in converting his vast forests into lumber he had a general store, in which was kept a very miscellaneous stock, suitable for the needs of the primitive people who dwelt thereabouts. To them he sold his goods, but much of the trade was in barter. Sugar and coffee he exchanged for furs and skins, and so on. He was also something of a banker, and in the old counting room, which occupied the back part of the store, from which it was separated by a partition, the most notable objects were this old clock and a strong box made of heavy oak and strongly bound with iron straps. This box was neither fire nor burglar proof, but it answered the purpose in the absence of anything better, and in it were kept money and valuable papers.

In 1820—continued Dr. Curtis—my grandfather had in his employ a young Scotchman, John Carlisle, who had been in America three or four years, and during all of that time in the service of Col. Curtis. Carlisle was a man of good education, having studied in the University of Edinburgh, but he was entirely without fortune. He had come to America to make his way and was studying law while earning his living as clerk and bookkeeper for my grandfather. He lived in the family of his employer and was treated with much kindness and consideration. He was a particular favorite with my grandmother, who considered him a model of sturdy manhood. His ambition at that time was to save enough money to enable him to go to one of the law schools and qualify himself for the practice of the law. In this he had her warm sympathy and she did all that she could to make his work pleasant. Late one afternoon in midwinter, when darkness settles down long before supper time, a man called on the colonel and paid to him $2,000 in gold. The money was in a canvas bag, originally made for holding shot, and the colonel, after putting the money away and giving a receipt for it, called John Carlisle and instructed him to make the proper entry in the books. He then closed up the strong box, put on his fur coat and went home, leaving Carlisle to close the store before supper.

CHAPTER II.

A day or two after this the colonel was to take a trip in a sleigh to Albany, the business center of that section, and he meant to take several thousand dollars to deposit in the bank. At the breakfast by candle light the colonel directed Carlisle to get out of the strong box the bags containing the gold he was to carry to Albany, and among the sums indicated was that in the bag he had recently received. Carlisle did not return to the house at once, as he was expected to do, and the colonel went over to the store to see what detained him. He found Carlisle on his knees before the strong box with the books and papers all removed from it, and nervously searching for something. His face was pale, and his hands trembled.

"What's the matter, John?" the colonel asked.

"What's the matter, John?" the colonel asked.

"I—I can't find the $2,000 you got from Joshua Jones," stammered Carlisle in a scared way.

"What, what's that?" exclaimed the colonel loudly.

"I've looked everywhere," said Carlisle faintly.

"You need not look everywhere, young man, for I put it just here," said the colonel, as he inclined a certain [illegible] with his finger.

"I see," said John Carlisle, spreading his hands and pointing to the books, papers and bits of gold on the floor in front of the strong box, "are all that I found in the box when I opened it this morning, and Joshua Jones' bag is not here."

"Let's see, let's see," said the colonel; "get the cash book."

The two men went to work at the books, verifying the entries and additions. It only took half an hour to satisfy the colonel that everything was all right, with the exception of the Joshua Jones bag, which contained $2,000.

"This looks bad, John," the colonel said.

"My God, yes!" said Carlisle desperately; "it looks bad, damnably bad for me, Col. Curtis, could you not have placed the bag somewhere else?"

"Oh, no! I placed it there, there can be no doubt of that."

There was a little pause, and the colonel said:

"John, I shall not go to Albany this morning. I shall go and have the horses put away. While I am gone you make another search and see if you can't find that money."

The colonel left the store. He announced to his wife that his visit to Albany was postponed for a little while, and he sat down before the generous log fire in the dining room and smoked three pipes of tobacco before returning to the store. He has told me that he could not bring himself to believe that Carlisle had stolen the money, but he could see no other way out of it. He staid away from the store a long time, so that if Carlisle had taken the money he would have a chance to replace it. He had a genuine liking for the young Scotchman, and it hurt him dreadfully to think that this young fellow was dishonest. At length he went back to the store, in which were now the other clerks behind the long counter and several countrymen about the big Dutch stove. He went through the store into the counting room. John Carlisle, pale as a ghost, knelt before the strong box still searching in the empty compartments for the unlucky bag of gold.

"I can't find it, sir," said he, as he rose from his knees and faced his employer.

"That is unfortunate," my grandfather replied with cutt severity.

"It is evident, sir," said Carlisle, straightening himself to his full six feet and for the first time looking unexcited and calm, "that you suspect me of having robbed you."

"Have your legal studies, sir, taught you that it is a wise thing for a man to be his own accuser?" asked Col. Curtis.

"I do not accuse myself, sir," said Carlisle with dignity; "the circumstances do that, and your manner betrays your suspicion."

"There is no use for us to quibble over anything at this time. I have trusted you implicitly. This money was paid to me, and I placed it in the strong box. You and I are the only persons who have access to the box. The box has not been broken open and the money is gone. These are the facts."

"And they tell against me most damnably, sir; I grant all that. But, sir, I feel that it is due to myself and to the confidence that you have always placed in me to say that I have not taken the money. For the past two hours I have been trying to live over in my mind the whole of the interval between Josh Jones' visit and now, and I think I can recall every little circumstance, but I cannot recall ever to have seen the bag at all."

"Possibly Jones did not pay me the money?" said the colonel, with stern sarcasm.

"I intimate nothing of that kind, sir; all I know is that I never stole your money, and I don't believe I ever saw the bag that held it."

"These nice questions had better be discussed by less interested persons than you and I," said the colonel sternly.

"Very good, sir," responded Carlisle.

My grandfather—continued Dr. Curtis, when he had filled and lighted his German pipe—returned to his house in much trouble. He wished to consult his wife about the missing money. He found her in the sitting room, waiting to hear why the visit to Albany had been postponed. He told her about it, and she, too, saw that he suspected that John Carlisle had stolen the money.

"William," she said very gravely, "I don't for an instant believe that John Carlisle took that money!"

"I certainly don't like to believe it myself, but I can't help it. How can I get around believing it? Why don't you believe it?"

"I don't know why, but I feel that he did not do it; I am sure that he could not do it; I know he did not do it."

"How do you know it?"

"Because he said he did not, and then no man with an eye like his could be a thief."

"Well, Maria," said the colonel, "your intuitions are usually pretty accurate, and have great weight with me; what shall I do? I can't keep John accused here with such a suspicion hanging over him."

"I don't know, I am sure; I shall go and talk to John about it."

And my grandmother, who was a young woman then, threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and went over to the store. She staid in the counting room for two hours with Carlisle, and they came out together and went to the house. John Carlisle went to his room, and she joined her husband in the sitting room.

"Well?" asked the colonel.

"John did not take that money, William."

"How do you know?"

"He has told me so."

"Oh!"

"William, your suspicions do a good man a great wrong. I am perfectly sure that he is as innocent as a babe unborn."

"Well, Maria, it may be as you say, but I don't see how I can feel the same toward John and have him about here when I have not the same faith in the inexplicable as you have."

"No, I would not have him stay here either, it would not be just to him; but he does not like to go away with such a suspicion hanging over him. I have come to ask you to ratify a proposition I have made to John for him to go to Albany and finish his law course as best he can. He will only go, however, on condition that he shall be upon parole and report regularly so that he may learn if the money ever be found, or be in reach if you should ever wish to prosecute him."

"So you wish to make such an arrangement?" asked the colonel, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his tone.

"Don't you think well of it?"

"I don't know that it is not my duty to have that young man arrested at once and prosecuted," said the colonel, "but I shall do as you suggest, for, Maria, I never knew your intuition to be at fault, just as I never knew you to be able to give the reason for the faith that is in you," and the colonel smiled on his comely young wife, and seemed glad to dismiss from his mind all responsibility for the disagreeable incidents of the morning.

CHAPTER III.

He could not and would not be a candidate.

The next morning after these exciting incidents my grandfather started for Albany, and did not get back for a week. When he returned he found that John Carlisle had gone away, leaving a letter reiterating his denial of any knowledge of the bag of money and recording a promise to keep Col. Curtis informed of his whereabouts. He also said that he would return whenever he should be needed. Year by year went by, and the disappearance of the two thousand dollars would have been forgotten but that John Carlisle regularly reported by letter on the first day of every January. He could never forget the shadow which in his youth fell across his path, nor was he willing to break his parole. When he left my grandfather's John Carlisle went to Albany and then to New York. He studied law and taught school, but the one original young Scotchman was no longer genial. There was a [illegible] which however hard he tried to conceal was always apparent. He made friends, but he was never intimate with any one. This suspicion upon his integrity had changed him in many ways, but he never seemed to give up the hope that the money would be found, or its mysterious disappearance explained before the death of his employer. Years and years passed by, and John Carlisle steadily rose in the regard of those with whom he came in contact. He had ability beyond that of the ordinary lawyer, and managed his own affairs with such skill and tact that as time went by he grew rich, and enjoyed the esteem of financial as well as legal circles. Before he left Scotland Carlisle had a sweetheart there, and it had been his constant hope during his first few years in America that he would be able to go back to his native heath and marry the lassie to whom as a boy he had pledged his heart. When his trouble was fresh upon him he felt that he must write and tell her about it, but he could not bring himself to do this. This was his sorest trouble—to be unable to speak plainly to her from whom he should have had no secrets. But he never mentioned any mystery until he was able to say to her that he would go back to Scotland and marry her if she still wished it.

He appeared—said Dr. Curtis—to have more difficulty in telling Mary Graham about his misadventure than about doing any other act in his life, and at last he sent this letter to my grandmother.

And Dr. Curtis, having sent his son to the house for a portfolio, produced this letter, which was most faded and bore upon its back this indorsement in old Mrs. Curtis' handwriting: "John Carlisle to me. Answered at once. Also a letter sent to Mary Graham, Aberdeen, Scotland. This is the letter:

MADAM—When I came to America I was engaged to be married to Miss Mary Graham, —— terrace, Aberdeen, Scotland. The time has now arrived when I should go home to keep this engagement. I have never said anything to the young lady of the trouble I had while in your husband's employ. I have been unable to say anything to her about it. I have tried a thousand times, but I have always been unable.

My object in addressing you is to ask you to write to her and tell her what happened when I was a resident of your house. I wish her to hear the whole truth, or what there is of truth that is known, from some one else than me. I remember your kindness with the deepest gratitude, and if you care to add to the debt I owe you, you can write to Miss Graham. I shall not go to Scotland till she has heard from you.

I have the honor to be, madam, your obedient servant, JOHN CARLISLE.

I have never seen what letter my grandmother wrote to Mary Graham—continued the doctor—but it must have been satisfactory, for the next spring John Carlisle returned to New York and resumed his work, and he now had as a helpmate a bright cheeked young Scotchwoman who had been Mary Graham, of Aberdeen.

This act of my grandmother did not appear to relieve him of his responsibility, for year by year he continued to report to the colonel. He was peculiarly fitted for public life and had often been offered the nomination of his party for congress; but he had always declined. He did not know what might be said of him. At one time in a crisis in the affairs of his party his friends got together and concluded they could elect him to the United States senate. When he heard of the movement he invited these friends to his house and told them in the plainest terms that he could not and would not be a candidate or permit them to urge the matter further. This was a great blow to him for he had public spirit and he felt that he could do good service in that exalted sphere. But the shadow which had fallen across his young life would not permit him to take any public employment until it had been lifted.

CHAPTER IV.

When—said Dr. Curtis, continuing his tale—he had become a man of wealth, he said in one of his annual reports to my grandfather that he could easily replace the money which had so mysteriously disappeared, but that he would not do so as he had not taken it, and he had been the chief sufferer by the occurrence anyhow. Fifty years passed in this way. Col. Curtis and Mr. Carlisle never met, but after each letter from the lawyer the colonel begged in reply that he would say nothing more about it. During this time both of the men had grown to be old, and each had grandchildren, who had become men and women. I had been away from the old place a long time, and from the time when I went off to college till I got married ten years after I had only paid two or three very short visits to the sturdy old couple, who still lived in the home of their youth, and marveled that their children and grandchildren could find content in the great and busy cities of New York and Philadelphia. When I became engaged to be married I promised to spend my honeymoon with the old couple, and there I took my young wife, who is a daughter, you know, of Gen. Harford, of the army.

My grandfather, who was then 86 years old, fell completely in love with my wife, and made a great to do over her. His favorite seat was in the old counting room, which was no longer used as such, as the old gentleman had long since given up active business. The old clock ticked away in the same corner, and the iron bound oak strong box was in its accustomed place and was still used to hold valuable papers, but the money was now kept in the bank in the little city which had grown up a few miles away. We were married a few days after Christmas, and my wife's first visit to the old counting room was on New Year's day of 1890. There she found my grandfather just as his morning's mail and newspapers had reached him. He put them aside at once to receive her and place for her a comfortable seat before the huge blazing logs which burned and crackled in the good old fireplace.

The quaint and old fashioned furniture pleased her mightily, and my grandfather was delighted that she should be so easily pleased. He did her how long he had had [illegible] place of [illegible] and that, [illegible] strong box and in the clock than in anything else. He opened the box for her and explained how half a century before it was used for the storage of gold and silver. He also opened the door of the old clock, had she watched the dignified brass pendulum move to and fro. She took my grandfather's stick and in a warm poked down into the clock.

"Why, colonel," she said as she poked about the bottom of the clock case, "there is something in the bottom of the clock."

"Oh, I fancy not; put your hand in, William," speaking to me, "and see what Lois has found."

I did, as I was bid, and pulled out an old canvas bag marked "J. J." in faded letters. As soon as the old gentleman saw the bag his face became pale and he would have fallen had I not helped him to his chair. He told me to put the bag on his table and to go for my grandmother.

My grandmother bustled over to the counting room, much worried at the sudden summons. When we reached there we found that my wife had opened the bag and taken from it 200 ten dollar gold pieces. My grandfather said to his wife when she entered:

"Maria, there is the Joshua Jones bag of gold with the two thousand dollars in it. Lois found it in the bottom of the old clock. I remember now perfectly that when old Josh Jones paid it to me I put it myself in the bottom of the clock case and meant to take it out in the morning. Until this moment I forgot all about putting it there; now I remember it perfectly."

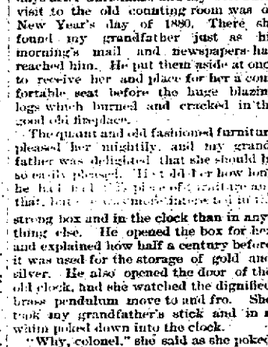
My grandmother's usually rosy cheeks were white now as she asked:

"Have you heard from John this year, father?"

"There is a letter from him this morning. I shall write and tell him that the money is found and beg his pardon."

"No, father," the old lady answered, "you should go to him if you were able, but as you are not, you should invite him to come here."

"I'll do it; I'll write at once," he said.



As soon as the old gentleman saw the bag his face became pale.

"No," the old lady answered; "telegraph. This injustice has lived long enough."

My grandfather did not hesitate to obey, and wrote at once a telegram as his wife requested. All this was very mysterious to my wife and me, but neither of us liked to ask for an explanation. We felt that if there was anything which we had any business to know we should be told all in good time. We went out of the counting room and left the old couple together. After some time we saw them coming to the house together, and my grandmother was evidently now the stronger of the two. At the midday dinner the colonel was nervous and ate nothing. He had given and taken many hard knocks in his life, and I felt sure that there was some very disturbing cause for his present suffering and I was also sure that the finding of the bag of gold was the cause. Before we arose from dinner a telegram was brought to the colonel. He read it and said to his wife he he foldod up the paper, "John will be here to-morrow, Maria." She smiled back at him, and he began to brighten at once. He said to my wife and me:

"That was a lucky find this morning. That bag of gold had been lost for fifty years, and during all that while one of the best men in the world has been more than half suspected by me of having stolen it." Looking at his wife, he added, "My God! how could I have forgotten that I placed it there?"

"What is it all about, sir?" I asked.

The colonel then told the story very much as I have told it to you, but he never told us what was the full name of the young Scotchman, as he always spoke of him as John. He was much moved as he told the tale, and my grandmother took off her spectacles many times to remove the moisture that dimmed the glasses. "To-morrow," he added, "you shall meet this man and help me to make amends for the dreadful wrong which my forgetfulness has done him."

The colonel's sleigh was sent to the station the next morning to meet the New York train. Returning, it was driven rapidly to the counting room, and there Col. and Mrs. Curtis met the man from whom they had parted fifty years before under such peculiarly painful circumstances. The interview seemed to be a long one to us, who were waiting, but it really had lasted only about half an hour when the bell was rung, and the man who answered it was directed to invite us to go over to the counting room. We were surprised when we opened the door to find with my grandfather and grandmother Mr. John Carlisle, the father of my wife's mother. He was so astonished to see us as we were to see him.

"This is the young lady who found the bag," my grandmother said.

"What, Lois?" Mr. Carlisle exclaimed as he came forward and put his arms about her and kissed her. Then turning to my grandfather he said with his arms still about my wife, "I did not know till now, Col. Curtis, that the young doctor my granddaughter insisted on marrying was a member of your family."

Nor did I know that she was your granddaughter, John," the colonel said; "that I congratulate her on being of such good stock. And you, sir," said he to me, "I hope that as long as you live that you will remember the debt I owe to your wife's grandfather, and as I cannot live long enough to pay even a small part of it, you must try to make it up in some way to her and her children."

And, please God—said Dr. Curtis as he took off his hat and knocked the ashes from his pipe—I

Mt. Jean County Mirror

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

[illegible] Democratic [illegible]

[illegible] Democrats are glad at the pass of [illegible] Democrats [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1891.

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We take a lively pleasure in announcing the name of C W Fitch man of sterling character and a credit to any party supporting him, as candidate for the legislature from this county. We hope to find the election of Mr Fitch will be made unanimous.

We are much pleased to announce the name of Hon Sowers as a candidate for supervisor of Keating township. We hope to find the election of Mr Sowers to be unanimous.

We are much pleased to announce the name of Wm Fitch as a candidate for assessor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

We have much pleasure in announcing the name of Hon Peter Sowers as a candidate for supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

We are much pleased to announce the name of Simon Wetzel as a candidate for supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

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FARM, FIELD, GARDEN.

SUBJECTS OF IMPORTANCE TO AMERICAN AGRICULTURISTS.

Innovations on Old Time Methods of Fattening Swine Preparatory to Converting Them Into Pork and Bacon. Feeding for Lean Meat.

About the close of the year many hogs are killed, which, perhaps a steer, to fill the space formerly for the next period; hence it is not out of place to mention some of the recent innovations on the old time methods of fattening the animals, and especially hogs, preparatory to converting them into pork and bacon.

As long as corn is grown in this country, with its large proportion of fodder to add to its value, it will continue to be used as the principal diet for fattening all classes of stock, and it is perhaps as cheap as any other kind of food, producing pork of a firmer texture and of better quality than many other foods used for fattening.

While, however it is desirable to secure as great weight as possible, and have the pork of as fine quality as can be secured, experiments made for the purpose demonstrate that an exclusive diet of corn is not the most economical or the best, either to produce weight or give quality.

It is cheaper to produce meat that contains a large proportion of lean with the fat than to fatten a hog to such a condition as to fit it only for the production of lard, and it is a fact that in feeding for lean meat a greater weight of carcass is secured, and at no more expense than in producing an excess of fat. This is explained by reason of the fact that when an animal is given food containing the elements of growth of bone and muscle as well as of fat, the condition of the animal is sustained in a manner to permit of more perfect digestion and assimilation, and a greater appropriation for the support of the system, of the nutritious elements that are required, and which are more evenly distributed through the body, instead of the semi-diseased condition produced when corn is given as an exclusive diet. Hence the farmer who diminishes the ration of corn, allowing but a portion only, substituting sweet bran, middlings, milk and clover (cut fine and scalded), will have his hogs larger, heavier, healthier and of better quality of flesh than from corn.

While granting the advantages of a systematic method of feeding for the best results in producing the heaviest and best pork, the fact that prime lard brings a price that makes it desirable on the part of the farmer to have his hogs very fat is a serious obstacle in the way when the value of lean meat is considered. But as shows The Philadelphia Record author-ity for the foregoing the lean is sought to be secured with the fat, and the greater increase is in the variety of food shown not then mush the supply of lard. The farmer will find that on these parts are of the carcass from which the lard is procured but little difference will be observed, and the hog will so much more valuable as a whole.

Rust in Wheat

Prof. Henry says the question was sent from Sydney to the Department of Agriculture of that colony, by a writer who said that his practice of sowing of over twenty years in New South Wales had proved that rust in wheat can be prevented by adhering to the following system:

The land must be well worked during the last month or six weeks. After the crop has been reaped the stubble must be burned and the ground at once ploughed and well worked up to grow a crop for the next crop. Plow deep, the subsoil well consolidate by rolling, sow early (from February to middle of April). The seed must be steeped for twelve hours in a strong solution of four fifths blue stone and one-fifth arsenic and well dried with wood ashes before sowing, and care taken that the seed is not cracked or damaged by machine thrashing. Sow lightly on rich well worked land. About half a bushel to the acre of good sound seed is ample. He had realized the best results off very rich land by using only a peck to the acre. If manure is required sheep manure is the best; any other must be well rotted and pulverized before using, if for present crop. Avoid plowing in stubble or any rubbish, unless the land is to be fallowed for a season. Keep all large stock out of cultivated land particularly eat the. Avoid working land wet. By strictly adhering to the foregoing simple rules rust in wh at can be prevented

How Many Pigs Can Be Kept to a Cow.

Numbered with the queries answered at the Farmers institute at Canton was the one "How many pigs can be kept to a cow?" Mr. T. D. Curtis, who answered the question, said:

The old rule was one. It depends somewhat on the cow. I say three, because no farmer can afford to give a pig skim-milk. The milk is worth too much as an aid in the digestion of solid foods and in making succulency, which is an important part of a successful system of feeding. So I say add corn meal or other meal to the milk, and keep three pigs to a cow, and so make valuable manure and more pork.

Experiments with Grain.

The Minnesota Agricultural station reports an interesting case of crossing corn—namely, a yellow flint and a black sweet—that emphasizes the importance of judicious in planting. Farmers are urged to develop varieties of corn to suit their own soil, locality and requirements. Many experiments have been made upon seeding with rusted, if steel and frozen wheat. Frosted wheat, if well cleaned, is safe to use for seed. Frosted grain that is useless for milling is of no value for seed. The more thoroughly wheat is cleaned the better it is for seed. Tests show to be made for glutens and percentages of germination before sowing. Good seed is most essential for a good crop.

Interesting to Ladies.

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EXPERIMENT STATION GLEANINGS.

The Secretary of Agriculture Reports Upon the Work Accomplished.

The secretary of agriculture has submitted his second annual report to the president. Upon a review of the work and condition of the experiment station enterprise in the United States, the secretary considered it, on the whole, decidedly encouraging. During the past eight years new stations have been established—viz., in north and southeast Alabama, Arizona, South Carolina, New Mexico, North Dakota, Utah and Washington. Experiment stations are now in operation under the act of congress, approved March 2, 1887, in all the states and territories except Montana, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming and Oklahoma. In several states the United States grant is divided so that fifty-two stations in forty-three states and territories are receiving money from the United States treasury. In several states branch or sub-stations have been established. If these be included the number of the stations is seventy.

These stations with the office at Washington expended in all about $785,000 per annum, of which $360,000 is appropriated from the national treasury. They employ over 500 persons in the work of inquiry, and are conducting research in the laboratory and greenhouse and experimenting practically in the field, the orchard, the stable and the dairy. During the past year the stations published about 300 reports and bulletins, aggregating about 10,000 printed pages. Through state legislation and from local communities, agricultural associations and private individuals the stations have received during the past year about $123,000 in money, in addition to gifts of land, buildings and equipment.

Rearing Queen Bees.

It is wise to have at one's command extra queens, hence the subject of rearing queens is one of import nce to the amateur apiarist. Among other questions discussed at the late meeting of the Union Beekeepers at Hamilton, Ills., was the one, "How to rear the most prolific queens?"

Mr. C. P. Dadant expressed the opinion that a queen reared from a worker egg from three to four days old is as satisfactory as a queen reared from eggs in queen cells. He also expressed the belief that no choice cells of drones are as important as those of queens in producing prolific queens. No one present had had any experience in rearing queens in the upper stories of hives. One member said that he rears his queens in the par nt colony by putting wire cloth c ps over the queen cells.

S. N. Black, the president of the convention gets his prolific queens by feeding the colony liberally early in the spring. Yet another member said that the best time to rear a prolific queen is during the swarming season. He takes out two or three frames of brood and makes and fills with cells of queens, which are larger than those of full blood, were the cells of some of the members favor. Mr. Dadant, however expressed himself in favor of pure bred Italians.

Rules for Mixers.

Always go to work with clean hands. Keep your finger nails cut short and wash your hands thoroughly in warm water. A brush is very necessary and the animal's sensitive nose is often owing to the fact that scrubs ads rough ways and touch.

Clean your cushed thoroughly before you mix. Handle no substance as so easily contamina ted by foul odors as milk.

Have your utensils as clean as your hands. If tin use them out in the sunlight. If you have long tin cans hang them up so that the open end is near the earth. There is no better deodorizer than the sun.

Never let your cows when you are milking. One thing at a time.

Clean the cow's udder well before you attempt to milk. Do it with a dry cloth or brush. Avoid water for this purpose, but if necessary, let the water be warm, and then dry the udder perfectly.

Give all the salt in their food. It will keep the bowels regular, while if you give a small quantity once a week it is apt to act like a physic.

Boxes for Vegetables.

It is suggested that when boxes are made for holding potatoes, fruit, etc., they be of a size to hold one bushel. If preferred larger sizes may be had one and a half two, three and four bushels, or more. Even the bins should be built with regard to measurement of contents. In this manner much valuable time may be saved and the crop measured without difficulty.

Things Told by Poultry Keepers.

In reply to the query, "Are white breeds tender?" The Germantown Telegraph replies: How can color affect the health of a bird? The Brahma is almost a white bird, yet he vies with the hardiest. The white Wyandotte, white game and white Leghorns are as hardly as a fowl can be.

Pancery Journal announces that the latest acquisition in the fowl kingdom is the buff Wyandotte.

The question being asked, "What is the average number of eggs laid by a dunghill fowl in a year?" Farm Poultry replies: The average dunghill fowl doesn't get reasonably good care and feed, consequently doesn't average probably over fifty eggs in a year. Good grades, got by crossing brown Leghorn cock on Plymouth Rock hens, have had, with us, 175 eggs apiece in a year, but then they were good stock and fed for eggs. The average yield of eggs per fowl in the United States is a little below one hundred.

American Agriculturist says that the Muscovy duck has not been very extensively bred by farmers and breeders; nevertheless it is good for crossing with the large breeds of ducks, making a fowl that meets the demands of our markets. Muscovy drakes weigh from ten to fourteen pounds each, and ducks from seven to ten pounds.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Miles' Nerve & Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation. Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 30 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at A. B. Armstrong's drug store.

—Whiskeys, wines and liquors. N. E. Collins & Co., Bradford, Pa. Largest stock, lowest prices.

Special Announcement

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (enclosing a two cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

—Persons desiring to travel, please call on, or write for rates to W. V. Ball & Sons, Railroad Ticket Brokers and Gen. Pass. Agts. to any point and over any line. 152 Union St., Olean, N. Y. Telephone connections.

A SUMMER COTTAGE.

It Is Pretty, Convenient and Cheap—Details of Construction.

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The accompanying illustrations represent a design for a summer cottage fronting on an ocean, lake or river view. There is no cellar under the building, and the

FRONT ELEVATION

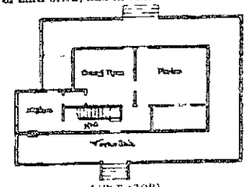
foundation consists of cellar posts set in the ground below the depth of frost. The building is constructed with a balloon frame in the usual way. The outside of outside walls and supporting partitions is of 2x4 spruce, and the minor partitions of 2x4 plank, 2 feet from centers for floor joists 2x10, rafters, 2x6 1 foot 8 inches from centers. The exterior walls are covered with sheathing paper and novelty siding.

The main roof is shingled with clear heart white pine, the shingles laid on 1x3 laths. The veranda roof is of 1¼x3 tongued lath and grooved white pine dressed both sides with the joints covered with a 2 inch molded batten. The veranda floor is of 1x6 surfaced spruce, laid edge to edge. Large boards and open timber work of cornices is of bench white pine. Veranda posts of 6x6 white pine neatly turned, with railings of the same.

SIDE ELEVATION

The veranda rafters are of 2x6 white pine, dressed. The first and second story floors are of 1¼x6 dry spruce, blind nailed. The outside and partition walls are ceiled with ¼ inch yellow pine tongued and grooved and blind nailed. The floor beams and sundering of partitions of first story are exposed to view are dressed. The ceiling of the first floor is formed by having the under side of the flooring dressed. The side walls and ceilings of the second story are covered with ⅜x3, tongued and grooved yellow pine same as side walls of front story.

The newels, rails and balusters of stairs are of ash, the treads and risers of yellow pine. The window and door frames out side, casings and sash are of white pine. The sashes are balanced with weights in the usual way, and glazed with double thick sheets of glass with borders of tinted glass in the upper sash. The chimneys are of hard brick, laid in cement mortar. The



FIRST STORY

trim of doors and windows inside and jams of door frames are of yellow pine. The doors are of white pine with four sunken panels moulded both sides 1¾ inches thick for first story, 1⅜ inches thick for second story. Brass faced mortise locks in first story, rim locks in the second story, black japanned rim butts and white porcelain knobs throughout.

The doors and stairs are filled and varnished two coats with white varnish. All other inside woodwork is finished with one coat of filler and one coat of hard oil. The exterior is painted in two coats of best mixed paints in two colors—body of light buff color with dark brown trimmings and red sash, gutters, etc. The chimney tops are of white pine, 2x8 cornice, 2x6 rafters, 1x6 sheathing, 1x4 frieze, 1x6 cap, 1x4 bed moulding, 1x4 projection for brick